



Summer Nights by reddogf.13

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Summary: Beverly has the bad luck of being caught by a clown during mating season. while the clown has the bad luck of being stuck with her. will the both of them survive each other these next few months? (warning that this is basically smut and %2 plot)

1. Tied the knot

warning people now, this is 95% smut 3% fluff and 2% plot. many sex scenes ahead.

It was a dark summer night out in the middle of the woods. Where Beverly kissed her current boyfriend in their shared tent. When they first dated he was exciting and fun, but now he was becoming a stick in the mud. Accepting Beverly's idea to go camping, except he forgot to mention he hated camping. Hated the filthy dirt to continue his complaining about animals roaming around the forest. It became quickly apparent the true reason he followed her out into the middle of nowhere was for more alone time in the bedroom.

This was an unfortunate common quality between all her boyfriends in her life. She tried so hard to find someone happy to spend time with her. At this point, after 10 years of dating, she was willing to settle on a boyfriend who had at least a job. Debating on if Jason was the one to settle with or send him packing after their camping trip. Hoping he'll prove to be the one these next few days leading up to this moment of Beverly sparking up a bit of romance for the night. drinking a campfire lightened bottle of wine straight from the cooler. Taking a walk down by the river to stop in a field to watch the colorful lowering sunset. Ending the day with a chase back to the tent.

"hold on, I have to get something from my bag." winking at Beverly as he went out of the tent. The romantic mood faltering a bit as she was left alone and naked for Jason to hunt down a condom in whatever forest brush he dumped his backpack in. laying back into their sleeping bag with a sigh as she grabbed her phone to pass the time. Already losing motivation to keep the excitement going. Jason cursing to himself as he shifted through everything. Taking a bit too long to find his abandoned bag he barely cared for.

The two unaware of a dangerous creature lurking between the black trees. Jason didn't see the glowing pair of yellow eyes stalking up behind him. A monster Beverly had dealt with before and will once again have to face. Jason given no chance to scream by the time he

did see the beast. Tackled to the floor by a towering 7ft clown bearing rows of jagged teeth dripping drool. Burning eyes glaring down into Jason's terrified soul while holding him down as easy as a piece of Styrofoam.

"leave." the large creature unnaturally growled. Jason gave a frightful nod before being allowed to bolt for his life. Without taking the time to warn Beverly at the chance of risking his own skin. Unknowingly lucky enough to have survived the creature merely because it was in a rush.

Pennywise had not been stalking the night for long. A different hunger leading him to rise early from his 27 year slumber deep below. Letting the small male flee in a car for what he truly came for. A female to claim for himself, in his heated hunger, leading him up to a tent by her scent. Hardly paying attention to the fact that the scent was extremely familiar to him. His body wanted to breed a female **now**, no matter who they were.

Opening the tent threw gasoline onto his fire at the sight of inside. a female laid out for him ready to be taken with only a simple blanket covering her. Beverly boredly looking up at her phone as she relaxed back didn't notice it wasn't Jason reentering. Legs curled up together covered by the blanket blocking her view even more of the tent entrance. Getting the shock of her life at feeling a long tongue dig right in to eat her. Licking every part of her as if it were his last meal ever as he held her thighs wide open.

"shit, Jason!" Beverly gasping for some air between the deepening licks. Body shaking against the tent flooring as she gripped tightly onto the blankets around her. Coming up with the energy to sit up in watching what he was doing. Realizing immediately who it actually was buried between her legs. Seeing that silver suit first shining under what little campfire light was left. Her first reaction was to get up by pulling away. Met by Pennywise's own reaction of devouring her deeper while letting out a deep vibrating growl of warning.

The fight in her completely draining off that resonating growl. Not because she was afraid, but that she was under the best ride of her life. That growl sending some part of her over the edge right then and there. Screaming out a moan turning into a whimper as he lapped up

her sweetness without hesitation. convincing her to lay back while he kept going on his exciting work. If she were to be eaten alive right now, like this, it was certainly the way to go.

"no pain, relax. no pain, relax." her mind repeated the entire time she moaned through him eating her out. Feeling him twist his head between her legs to reach even further places in her to lick. The longer he went the more Beverly questioned how long he would keep it up. Was this a more torturous way of eating her alive? It sure felt like it when she began wanting something more to fill her. His tongue not enough after a burning of her own grew at her core. An ache she's never felt until now that needed to be satisfied soon.

Pennywise had been waiting for this stimulated change in her. A signal that she was ready to take him without a fuss to how he was. A deep breath of her scent having him suddenly stop the licking to climb over her. Laying down over her that stopped her frustrated squirming for him to hurry up. Drooling through growls as he wedged himself between her legs. A long black tendril oozing a slick slime slipping out of his pants to thrust deep into her. Panting heatedly while he listened to her moaning into his ruffled collar. promoting him to thrust long and deep at each little sound she made.

Beverly lost completely in the moment he rutted into her heat. A refreshing coolness brought to the burning fire he had built up in her this entire time. Grasping at his back for hand fulls of fabric to hang onto during the ride. Feeling along the muscles, tightly constricted under the suit, shifting with each movement. Breathlessly screaming into his collar over each passing climax he delivered. Legs tightly clasping over his hips to prevent him from pulling back too far as if he would run away at any moment before they finished the next build up.

The last thing he wanted was for them to separate after their playtime was over. Thrusting deeper the closer he came to his edge to get as far as he could before he did. Beverly feeling as if she had died and gone to heaven already hardly notice what he was doing. His growling turning to aggressive roars claiming what was his. Scaring off any potential challengers who dare think that they can take him on. Roaring out at successfully breeding Beverly to the fullest in a burst of warm seed filling her belly. His slick member coiling up in a

tight knot to finalize their pairing for the breeding season. They couldn't separate now even if one of them wanted to.

Relaxing down over her to cool himself from the rutting heat he satisfied. While Beverly after undergoing multiple climaxes fell right asleep from exhaustion. Head still clouded his body demanded the next step to be taken involving his newly claimed female. Important to complete this task before his knot relaxed and they were able to separate. Take her somewhere safe that was not so out in the open where challengers could harm them. Scooping her up into his arms he carried her back deep under the earth to his tower of toys. Into the closed circus wagon decked out to be more like a cozy bedroom over its old open stage look.

A massive bed taking up half the wagon that was still too small for him. Half his lower legs going past the edge unless he curled up a bit. The bedding covered in thick quilted blankets of shiny peacock like colors. Blues, greens, turquoise, on a black base to make up a pattern of circular bright stars on the night sky. A massive collection of pillows fitting the same theme surrounding the beds edges connected to the wagon walls.

Each wall covered in multiple shelves of circus themed trinkets or random items. A light attached to the ceiling looking like a crystal ball surrounded by hanging colored crystals of various sizes. Ranging from thick to thin clear pieces the light passed through to shine patches of color across the room. The crystal ball light currently calming blue to match the darkened time outside. Changing as the time passed into day to a bright light yellow glow.

He shifted aside the layers of blankets to curl up in bed with Beverly. Pulling the blanket back to especially keep her comfortably warm. Nesting down for the remaining night into the morning when his rutting need was no longer clouding his thoughts. Displeased to what he realized had happened in the night.

"of all the females for my body to pick it had to be **her**." suffering the consequence of his in rut black out. The mating season would happen for him once every few centuries sending him into rut. A burning desire to mate that he could fight off for a while until his body refused to follow his command any more. Blacking out to hunt for the

first fertile female he happened upon to breed all season long for the next few months. Taking them to his den after the first mating that knotted them together. The first mating incredibly important to keep everything else going smoothly. Transferring a bit of this burning need onto the female that would keep them wanting more. Nature's way of a gold certified guaranteed breeding that would produce young by the end of it all. Females looking past the obvious non human details to not fear him. Neither willing to stay away for long and or any chances of refusal when asked to bed.

He hated when this happened and tried many times to get around it. Attempts to sleep through it were ruined by the burning ache forcing him to wake early. Killing the females after the first mating sent him into another black out for a new female in the following days. In his current situation he debated on what would be better to deal with. Kill Beverly to take another female or speed through the mating season by keeping her. His mating season had the added issue of only starting after a female was claimed. Restarting when one was lost that dragged the whole event on at times. It was an invisible shackle of nature he was forcibly locked to.

A grin slowly growing across his face as he thought how vulnerable she was. "I guess being stuck with her wouldn't be too bad." The other end of this shackle stuck to her and will be for another few months.

This female under his complete domination the entire time. In the past involving others he was a bit more merciful by allowing them to "escape" his grasp. mostly because he hated them and wanted to be alone for 90% of the time. Dragging them back to satisfy his growing need through the season. That would change for Beverly's case to be far more restrictive. She would have no chance to see the light of day at any time. Caught outside his wagon would need her to be punished for running from her male. Being bred at any point in time he had an urge even when shed be exhausted after an earlier round. Excited to be far rougher with her then the other females he held back with.

Claws shredding through his gloves to drag along her exposed back. Enjoying the red marks he left behind to dig deeper each time. His claws drawing a speckle of blood causing her to flinch awake from her deep sleep. Letting out a small whimper that unintentionally aroused the male at her back. Any pain swept away by him twitching

inside of her. Her moan setting him off to top her in a swift motion that stole her breath away. Laying stomach down into the bed as his clawed hands pressed her shoulders further into the soft bedding.

The clown looming over her disappointed by her calm reaction. She didn't struggle, panic or give off any fear for her life. It agitated him she was so submissive that he tried forcing a reaction through hostility. Biting into the back of her neck drawing rings of blood to mix into his drool. Claws digging into her shoulder blades for further blood letting. Drawing his jaws back to enjoy the flavorful taste of her seeping blood. Tongue twisting entirely around her neck to gather all of it into his mouth. When that was clear he moved down to lap up the moving blood droplets from her shoulders.

Even after the threatening bite he caused, she didn't panic. After so long dealing with disasters she had lost the ability to. Submitting in waiting for him to finish her off and enjoying the ride in the time he hadn't ended her. Feeling bold enough to tempt him by pressing back against his hold on her shoulders. Rising a growl out of him as he asserted his dominance in shoving her back down. It would have been wise not to push his aggression, but she was willing to keep going. Gripping the fabric under her as his member twisted excitedly in her at each point she moved.

She arched her back into his biting mouth throwing him off further. "trying to break my grip by all this squirming?" biting into the spots he hadn't reached on her smooth skin. Huffing out a deep breath of hot air when her hips rose against his. Pressing her back down, using his own hips, having him shiver as he pushed inside her as a result. His long member twisting around freely since his knot became undone. Distracting him under the pleasure of rubbing himself along her walls. Noticing a second later she had squirmed out of his grasp to press herself further back into his hips that drove him wild. Reflexively wrapping his arms around her hips to start pounding in, pinning her back down beneath him for easier full thrusts into the bed.

Swallowing mouthfuls of drool down during his loss of control. His goal of sparking fear now turning over to have her make as much noise as possible. Thrusting harder when she tried quieting her noises into the bedding. Raising himself up for a better downward angle

that caused Beverly to grab onto his arms for support. Mumbling something out that was different from the rest of her noises.

"what?!" he snarled down to let her speak, although not happy about it.

speaking more clearly. "suit off." giving a tug on his sleeve. All the extra fabric feeling more in the way of everything. Trapping an uncomfortable amount of heat as some parts rubbed the skin too roughly. Feeling that he wasn't able to get his full length past his pants either.

He let out another snarl in a rejecting manner to her request. She wasn't allowed to make demands of him in his home. He called all the shots here and he would remove the clothing when he wanted. Judgment on refusing her turned over at the thought of how truly he was restricted in the suit he was. Able to do so much more that she may soon regret asking him to go clothing free. He growled out a huff when he brought himself back down to her level. Speaking close to one of her ears to demand something if she wanted her request filled.

"beg me to." he purred. Enjoying the thought of her submitting even more to him. Chuckling at the groan she let out over his order. Taking time to muster up the words was chipping his patients away. "come on, beg." slowing his deep thrusts to a shallow teasing grinding to torture the words out of her. Holding her hips back from getting any closer to gain satisfaction. A whimper let out by her as she tried speaking the first time. His waiting turning into a standoff between them while he too wanted satisfaction. Wanting so badly to slam back into her until the bed snapped underneath him.

Snapping at her impatiently "speak!"

"take it off!" was not the wording he was looking for from her. He wanted begging, not another demand. Begrudgingly pulling himself further away from her to further the teasing.

"beg! Beg what you want!" pressing the matter.

"p-please." whimpering out under the painfully light teasing. Gasping

when he slammed himself back in after those words.

"what was that? Have to speak up."

"please, strip it! Please!"

"good girl." purring in praise. His full silver suit disintegrating off to shreds that dissipated as they fell through the air. Unleashing his full potential to breed her in more ways than any human can. Chest stretching open to the sounds of painful crackling. The sounds of possible bones breaking drawing Beverly's attention back. Caught off guard to his chest spreading open for more tendrils to creep outward. Wrapping tightly around her to pull her into his open rib cage. The rib bones twisting into centipede like legs trapping her against him. Laying them both back to get a clear view of him thrusting into her. Legs kept spread by his now ungloved hands grasping her thighs.

"happy you asked?" teasing her through a bite to the shoulder. Feeling mixed as she nodded while watching the new view. This whole long round started by him wanting her to be terrified, but here she was instead begging him for more. Thinking how strange she was to then move his focus on *more important things*. Throwing them both over the edge in a roaring climax. Collapse back into the bed for a much needed long sleep.

2. Honeymoon

The next two days following almost exactly as the first. Him waking to tease her though leaving rough marks anywhere he could. Dominantly teasing out of her words of begging to breed her. Fucking for hours until they were both exhausted. She fell asleep while he "rested" down next to her. Laying still with eyes closed, yet fully awake and aware of his surroundings. unmoving when she awoke early this morning to sit up into straddling him. Not minding as long as she stayed on him without attempt to sneak away.

She looked back to him seeming asleep with arms resting behind his head. Her mornings of waking like this becoming normal. Rising while literally entangled by his long member twisting around almost snake like. To call him **big** was an understatement having a whole 5 feet of length to work with. Right now the black organ looping around one of her legs to around her waist and winding up her chest to squirm around her shoulders. Holding the very tip of it in one hand to gently rub it with her thumb. Anyone else in her predicament may think of forcing it to painfully snap. Start thinking up some escape plan to flee the monster who kidnapped her, But not her.

she was happy to settle down by him even if he caused her a bit of pain. Looking down at the various marks he had left over her. A collar of open teeth marks circling her neck to claw marks lining her hips. Unable to see the deep ones on her back that she could feel stinging under open air. Maybe one day she could step off the bed to catch a glimpse of herself in the vanity mirror. Eyes wandering around the wagon room to land back on the clown. Fully looking over him for the first time since he stripped the costume. Smooth marble white skin aside from black markings that faded from the ends of his limbs. The skin having a fine softness like a marshmallow that was satisfying to touch.

Petting a small patch of his stomach to touch his soft skin. The highly toned muscle her palm glided against the longer her petting went. Feeling his long length move against her to wrap along her arm. Her legs tensing at her entrance being slid up against in the extending. Finding herself wrestling against the thing coiling around her to

further stimulate itself. The teasing bringing up thick bright blue cum droplets to its tip. Being filled many times by him, but this was the first time she'd actually seen what his looked like. Despite the large amounts it never dripped out, but disappeared it seemed. Its color she found beautiful to look at as it pooled in front of her.

A tempting smell off of it hitting her in the form of freshly baked cinnamon rolls. Stomach growling at the mouth-watering scent after, In her whole time down there, she hadn't ate or drank anything. Looking back to the resting clown who she was sure wouldn't be going out for her to fetch things. Gazing back at his twitching tip in a sickening desperate hunger. Disliking the thought of swallowing the substance for a makeshift meal. Stomach urging her to not think about it too much and just eat. It definitely smelled good, but how did it taste?

Bringing the tip to her mouth for a gentle suck. Finding the flavor a lovely sweetness and the liquid not as thick a slime to swallow. Reminding her of a mostly melted vanilla milkshake as she ate him up. The giving supply shortly running out needing her to give further massaging. Wondering why after a few minutes he wasn't giving more than a spoonful at a time. Trying to work him up a bit through light nibbling along it. Getting it to twitch out a larger amount each time. Soon that didn't produce enough having her light nibbling turning more desperate. rougher bites she nervously checked back to him each time. A normally sensitive organ receiving bites wasn't usually promoted.

Remaining in his resting state had her seeing it as okay to go further on her roughness. Biting with enough pressure she was surprised didn't produce a mark on the twitching member. Eyes shutting tight over each bite as the wriggling thing between her teeth brought up the imagery of biting into a snake made of rubber. Sucking on the tip afterwards for the small amount of sweetness filling her stomach.

Pennywise was aware the entire time, but didn't feel the need to bother. As he was quite enjoying the treatment of her roughness between swallowing him down. Peeking one eye open to secretly watch her work him up for a burst of cum to suck on. Up until he realized she was eating him, that, he couldn't allow. Sitting up to claw into her shoulders startling her into a rough swallow of the last

amount she could gather. Shyly looking up to him with a blush at being caught over what she was doing. The world whizzing by for her to now be laying back on the bed. Untangled from him to be underneath his grinning face.

"what were you doing, my pet?" smiling down at her in knowing the answer already. Bringing a deeper blush to her face while keeping quiet. Her stomach answering for her in a starving growl. Having hardly gotten anything off the few minutes she worked him. "do you want more?" staring her down into an honest answer of nodding. Patting her face "open wide." He spouted a laugh while adjusting their positions. Hovering his drooling jaws between her legs while his dripping member squirmed over hers. Opening her mouth allowed it to squirm right down her throat. Thankfully not shoving his entire length down to start suffocating her. The slime it oozed numbing her throat to prevent any reactive gagging. Right away she felt a heated thickness sliding down her throat to collect at her stomach. His palm pressing down on her filling stomach to gauge how much more she could handle.

"don't be afraid to bite now." teasing her first in a long slow lick. Licking along the spots that had her react the most. Fidgeting the only way she could through biting as he pinned her down everywhere else. Purring into her when she took up rubbing the rest of him that wasn't shoved down her throat. Squeezing him for more the same one would for yogurt out of a tube. When her stomach grew full she worked to stop the biting that ended up more difficult to do then thought. His purred licks between her legs keeping the climaxes up to tense her body. Including her jaw fighting through the waves to not bite down.

Pennywise was completely willing to keep filling her up past the limit. Make her regret her actions for tasting him without permission, but he was going to be charitable. Pulling himself free from her throat as he raised his pressing hand off her full stomach. Hearing her cough out from the overly fast pull. Nipping down on her chest to grab her attention back to him.

"full now?" receiving another nod. "ask to eat next time." kissing up her neck to her lips. Her arms wrapping around his neck for a deeper kiss.

He wasn't the happiest to find her doing something without begging first, however he gave her no other option. Not realizing at first how much had slipped his mind. That if he wasn't going to let her leave, that meant she couldn't leave to eat or drink. Relying entirely on him for care including the simple things like wound cleaning. If one of the marks he caused became infected, there was no chance for her to see a doctor. His past females getting at least a week or two to recover above ground in their normal homes.

Unaware of where Beverly even lived before he snatched her up. He hadn't paid attention to Derry in 10 years since his fight with the losers. His supernatural gaze over the town spotting many changes. One being all the other losers were gone. Lots of buildings gone out of business or replaced a while ago. Beverly herself having gone through some sort of change he didn't understand. His attempts at being intimidating to scare her had absolutely no effect. Unlike all the females before her she had no sense of fear. Having this excited sparkle in her eye when he told her what he was going to do to her. Challenging him back at times where most collapsed under pressure.

Females feared his presence being near that they preferred curling up in corners to sleep. Many made attempts to leave him, but not Beverly. She fell asleep right up next to him without taking a step off the bed yet. Part of him wanting to know the reason why except not enough to finally ask. Another change that he wasn't sure happened because of him or something else was her being quiet. Keeping her sentences short to only a few words and that was after he teased them out of her. Causing her pain never got her to hiss out an ow or pleas to stop clawing into her.

Those very deep claw marks that would surely scar if it not were for him stepping in. Taking the task of treating the wounds through gentle healing licks. Shifting her around to reach the rest of the marks he made. Leaving the circling bites around her neck only partially healed to leave behind permanent scars. Liking the look of her obviously marked in belonging fully to him. Giving her a few pets to her back turning into light clawing. Stopping himself before getting carried away again after patching her up so soon.

Facing his wagon that needed an upgrade to be more livable if he was going to keep her. The fact was she couldn't survive without food

or water for months on end. Deciding to add on a small extension through a new door. Picking her up to carry her into the small new bathroom. Barely big enough for all the fixtures and a 2 by 2 ft square of standing space. Everything inside having the same olden wood theme as the rest of the wagon. A hot bath already made in a long barrel tub that, like the bed, was too small for him. Getting in anyway with Beverly set down in his lap for the bath. Watching her mess around by shaping the collected soap bubbles. Resting her back up against him when all the bubble piles were collected into a hoard close to them. Hands coming up to pet him that had him shift away.

"who said you may pet me?" glaring down at her smiling face.

"can I?" asking softly still holding her smile.

Huffing at her thinking she can ask permission after overstepping her boundaries. "you may." allowing her to escape punishment this time merely because he wanted her to continue. Purring under the soft petting treatment she returned to. If she dared to laugh over that detail shed be punished.

After that day, she became bolder in stepping away from the bed. After a round or two she would treat her wounds in the bath. Getting clean of everything he happily coated her in. Pennywise allowing it without pushing her to ask. As long as she returned to bed soon and when she took too long a bath he would slip in by her. Noticing sometimes she wouldn't head for the small bathroom, but instead examine his trinket hoard. Walking around wrapped in the quilted blanket up until he fetched her bag from the campsite. Having all her clothes back to actually be able to freshly dress herself each morning. Being dressed never lasted long after breakfast when their playtime rounds began. Delivering meals was something else he picked up on doing regularly for her.

Developing a more flexible schedule for them both that he questioned on why he would allow. She was having far more freedom than he intended. Walking around out of bed without asking first. Having energy at all to walk instead of trying not to die after so many rounds in a row. Light on inflicting pain while being the one to treat any marks he did make. Allowing her to annoy him as she picked things up, yet he didn't complain as she was sure to place things right back.

Except for one leather bound journal filled with empty yellowed pages. He barely remembered where it came from aside from a guess it came with the wagon.

The journal wasn't like present day journals. The leather cover made of real rabbit skin once killed on the field. A pencil tied to it that was simply a piece of charcoal wedged between two wood sticks. Needing the more classic way of using a knife to sharpen it. He would catch her drawing dresses all over the pages while they relaxed on the bed. Realizing after a while she started organizing her own shelf space by the bed. Setting her *borrowed* drawing journal on the small shelf coupled by a few trinkets she also *borrowed* from around the room.

This was getting far too uncomfortable for him. She was suppose to be tortured and he was practically allowing her to make herself at home.

"I'll have to designate some new rules. Take away some things and take back what she had *borrowed*." he glared in thought toward her bare back. Beverly mostly wrapped in the blanket aside from her upper back while lying stomach down to draw in the journal. Needing to momentarily stop to sharpen her pencil with a rusted pocket knife she *borrowed* from another shelf. Taking a bit of force to carve through anything on the dull blade.

He thought bitterly about everything. "humph, ridiculous to think of being stuck with this female. Maybe my body is losing its standards after so long of going without a permanent mate. When the breeding cycle ends I'll put everything back to where it was, like she was never here. When the day comes that I can finally end her miserable life I'll be-" thoughts broken by a sound stabbing at his heart.

A swift sound of a blade. she cursed out in pain "FUCK" hissing following after. The heavy scent of blood filling the air. Then something hitting the wood wagon floors.

Swiftly moving over her for a cautious investigation of what happened. Palm of her hand sliced deeply open to pour blood over everything near. The bloody rusted knife dropped onto the floor. And her drawing journal now having a yellow page stained red. Her uninjured hand heavily holding over the wound to keep more blood

from spilling. Only able to do so much as the red liquid seeped between her fingers. Pennywise taking up the injured hand to start licking over the slash. Cleaning the blood away while the wound closed shut in a matter of seconds. After so much blood loss there was a worrying change in Beverly condition. Cold shivering that needed Pennywise to carefully warm her. Skin paler than its usual color to the point he was thinking of rushing her to the hospital. Somehow managing to get her to drink some water he had gotten her earlier.

Cleaning the blood off everything, including the stained journal, to settle her to bed earlier than usual. Warming her by his side wrapped warmly in the blanket. Petting her back to sooth her under any remaining pain that lingered. Nuzzling her neck when she hugged him close to pet him back.

Teasing him with her soft voice. "who said you can pet me?"

chuckling he replied. "i did of course." kissing her cheek. Hearing her chuckle back.

The next day she was better enough to get up and bathe. Despite Pennywise's anxiety thinking otherwise on her up and about so soon. Taking the time to fetch her a breakfast of hot soup made mostly of a strong broth and soft rice for easy eating. Setting the soup off to the side of the bed as he waited for her to come out. Taking up the journal she was drawing in yesterday to look over the page she last worked on. Finding a drawing of him when he was lounging on the bed.

Appearing quite regal in how he was presented in the smooth sketch. Capturing every little detail of his toned back that faced the lookers direction. Lower half wrapped in a blanket to cover the rest of him. His face only half showing as he looked off blankly toward something far off. Darkly colored in were his face markings with softer shades used to define his bright eyes and hair. She managed to capture even the smallest details of his long claws on the darkened arm he rested his chin on.

Huffing down at the drawing he hadn't noticed her make. "probably a time I was planning her death." he thought as the case of why he didn't notice. Still planning to do so when the time came to separate

along with reorganizing things back. "but." he thought in taking up a sharp clawed finger to slice through the papers attached hem. Taking up the drawn page of him to hide within his hoard of cluttered shelves. "may as well keep tributes to my grace." hiding it deep to where Beverly wouldn't look. Setting the journal back into place on the shelf.

Agitation settling within at how long she had been bathing. Rising up to slip into the bathroom, where he was surprised to see her asleep in the tub. Head resting on crossed arms on the tubs wooden edge. The situation confirming his suspicion of her not fully healed from blood loss. He'd have to force a bit of care on his delicate pet. Spreading silver threading from his fingertips to make a loosely made web. He slipped the threading down under the water where he bundled her up. Spreading upwards without waking her until she was completely wrapped. Yanking her from the tub causing her to wake in a startled struggle. Freezing at realizing her restricted movement was caused by him. Shying back under the clowns grinning smile oozing drool.

A hungry look in his eye while watching her squirm in his threaded grasp. "asleep already so early in the morning? Before having breakfast?" dripping drool from his jaws. His attempt of intimidation again bringing the sparkle of excitement to her eye. Earning a laugh from him as he brought her to the bed where he tied her down to it. "you want breakfast my special pet?" he asked with a light raking of claws through her red curled hair. She nodded under his gliding claws passing down the side of her face.

"good, I got you soup." he happily stated in taking up the warm take out container. Chuckling at her excitement turned to confused disappointment at his teasing turning to a normal breakfast. Glaring at him from her bundled imprisonment as he tried spoon feeding her. "aww, what's wrong?" he teased her while trying to feed her soup. Raising a brow at her refusal to eat his offering of soup spoonfuls. "should we skip to my breakfast?" putting a blush across her face that needed her to look away. "i guess so." his voice turning strangely sweet. A deep breath from him turning to a strange crackling around his jaws. Beverly's attention snapping back toward him at first confused. Dread filling her chest while his jaws stretched in a recognizable way. Rows and rows of teeth showing all the way to the

back of his throat appearing to disappear into a black void.

The scent of fear hitting the air as she shut her eyes tightly to look away. The last time this happened she was trapped in that burning bright light. Unwilling to look under the possibility of a repeat, but what could she do? Trapped as prey in his web that only he could free her from. Eyes opening wide when she felt all those rows of teeth gliding along her skin. His stretched jaws brushing up between her now spread thighs to clamp down. The top jaw spreading up from below to stop at her mid stomach they were so long. All those teeth eerily twitching at her skin to prickle drops of blood to the surface. His bottom jaw threatening to do the same around her entrance when she felt his tongue get in the way.

Whimpering as the long tongue licked up along her entrance. Entering more upon each lick to get the full taste of her. While she felt a difference from last time. Ridges lining along the further parts of his tongue twitching to his deep vibrating purrs. He was certainly going to get a good meal if he kept this up. Treating her like a sweet candy pop in swallowing her sweetness down to deep greedy licks in between. Holding her legs tight against his shoulders abling him to feel her every twitch. Hearing her flowing line of moans had him drool all the more over her. Speeding his hungry licks to bring each climax faster than the one before. Purring in satisfaction at the sight of her far too exhausted to do anything else now, but stay in bed with him. Swallowing one last mouthful before pulling his jaws away. Crackling noises sounding to his jaws shrinking back to normal. Lapping up the small amount of blood still seeping where his fangs pricked.

Curling up next to Beverly now officially bedridden for the rest of the day after his care. Sleeping deeply through the day and most the night before waking. Free from his threading she shifted a little to eat the room temperature soup that wasn't touched. Sitting at the edge of the bed that he noticed as odd behavior. Usually she would walk around the wagon after waking. Her expression showing annoyance as if she wanted to, but something was stopping her.

"not going to walk?" he asked.

"... my legs are jello." admitting to him in a whisper.

He laughed. "of course they are." smiling at her bright blushing face from his answer.

DramionEverlarkPeetatoRichonne

here ya go. ;3

eiahmon

yes i am, been wanting to do crazy bed scenes, but all my fanfics were too soft and mellow for them. so now they were all poured into this small one. XD

he does like the thrill of scaring things though, although having a challenger in the bedroom for longer is a new excitement. on the other hand hes weirded out by bev pretty much challenging him.

i always loved long car trips and camping. so making it small and cozy was easy for me to imagine.

3. Summer nights end

Three weeks later the clock was ticking down for Beverly on each day passing. Pennywise laying over her sleeping form in thoughts of the future. He wasn't sure if she'd noticed or not, but he had been starving himself. Even before they knotted he hadn't eaten for 10 years. When the final day came and his rut ended that starvation would break forward into a feeding frenzy just as bad as his rut blackouts.

Rut keeping starvation back to keep him with his female to not waste time alone for hunting. Focusing it all on one goal at a time. Now that the mid season was coming his body was switching into overdrive. Wanting to be in her at almost every moment of the day. Even now he was lightly grinding at a pace that wouldn't wake her. Growling in need he wrapped his arms around her hips to build his pace. Ignoring that he was waking her from all his movements. Biting into the base of her neck to drool over his pleasure. Growling each time she fidgeted under his grasp before he gave a deep hard thrust. Hearing her gasp out in shivering pleasure to panting heated breaths into the bed.

Biting into her neck at her new found energy to push back against him. Forcing him to adjust into a new more upward position that he found more enjoyable. Her able to be seated more firmly on his length to reach deeper. His legs pushed between hers to sit her back into his lap as he crouched behind. His full length stretching as deep as it could to fill her entire space. Urges satisfied for a moment after filling her up with his warm seed. Leaving no spare room for it to seep out when finished. Knotting become more common in the mid to ending days then when they started.

Letting out a warning growl when she tried to get up. His knot refusing to let her go before everything was set after a time. Claws giving a second warning by deeply hooking into her hips. Realizing she was definitely stuck to him she changed tactics of leaving the bed to adjusting him to lay back down. Them resting down into their before position of her stomach down and him laying over her. Cooling down when she shifted again that got claws digging into her

hips again. His warning growl cut short by her stopping after grabbing her drawing journal. Scribbling on the pages in the meantime they were temporarily locked together. Having a new mechanical set of pencils since her incident with the knife.

Time slipping through his grasp as his rut developed through the season. Only getting some sort of day tracking by his small changing ceiling light switching between day and night. The hour they were knotted seeming to suddenly end after only a mere moment by his time keeping. Snarling though bared teeth when she slipped out from under him to deal with the small challenge of pulling a full squirming length of tightly coiled 5 feet out of her. Squirming against him keeping her close despite the threatening show of bared teeth toward her. Free entirely she went to the bathroom as he was left on the bed.

"enjoy your little bath, for now." grumbling lowly to himself in knowing he would snatch her as soon as she was out. Distracting himself by looking at her scribbling journal. Since taking that one page she hadn't drawn him again. Or so he thought when he noticed a strange cut in the journals back cover after overly stretching it. The slit done purposefully right up against the binding to keep it as hidden as possible. Opening it he found a couple of tightly folded small pages. On them were notes all about him particularly surrounding his otherworldly dick and how he acted.

Writing out how long the black member was to describing out his cum was comfortably warm when it settled inside. How he knotted inside different then how she read on any animal doing it. Coiling up into a stiff mass instead of swelling in place. How it couldn't be pulled out despite her trying in the night. Causing it to only stay in longer by all the rough yanking pleasuring it. Going on to say how rough treatment could be freely done to him. Nothing could break his skin no matter how delicate it seemed. His member just as tough to stand against her strong bites that she first feared would clip a chunk off.

A detailed drawing of his hip area showing how such a length spread from him through a long crease line going up to his mid stomach. Noting what little she saw inside the rest of the space being a black empty void that no amount of light could shine onto. The edging of the crease lined by sharp looking grey thorns about the size of a roses

thorns. Yet they were apparently very fleshy, soft, being easy to flex under any pressure. Marking a note off to the side of her wondering if they were sensitive to touch or felt anything at all.

A few more notes off to the side of her detailed summaries of him. Questioning her own heat being caused by him on purpose or not. How he stared each time she picked something out of his collection. Doing it on purpose now and again to mess with him. These little notes causing a raging inferno inside him.

His angry glare intently locked on the bathroom door. Furiously thinking how she had been observing him like some animal. "how dare she!" snarling in thought. "does she really think I am so predictable to keep notes on?!" about ready to destroy these notes, however he could use these against her. He could spice some details up a bit to give her a grand surprise. Examining the notes that were all turning obsolete one by one. Shifting them back into the hidden cover space to set up the rest of his surprise. The crystal light above going completely dark for the first time.

Carefully placed lines of threading strung across the room. Without a light their crystal clear thinness would go completely unnoticed until it was too late. Any poor preys struggles would be useless no matter how desperate they fought the web. Finishing his trap he proudly waited for Beverly to step into it. Hiding away in a darkened corner out of view where only his glowing eyes could give him away. Patients hard to hold onto against his urges demanding he skip the wait. Managing to hold long enough for Beverly to finally come out.

Watching her hesitate on entering the sudden darkened room. The light of the bathroom suddenly snapping off before she could notice the glinting threading. Pennywise having trouble holding back the longer she stood in that small doorway. Drool seeping from his jaws in frustrated lust he wanted to unleash. Taking in a heated breath by her stepping out right into his trap. Tangling herself more when she struggled with the invisible sticky wall. Glaring in front of her to see what exactly was holding her when she felt his clawed hands grab both her shoulders.

"is my precious pet stuck?" breathing hot air onto the back of her neck. Happy to note her skin forming goosebumps by his words.

"hmm." he hummed as his hands trailed down to her hips. Gently rubbing over them to slide down to her upper inner thighs. Hearing a small whimper escape her throat.

"aww, is my female aching? Burning to have me fill her?" purring behind her. "well now-" pushing her legs far apart to tie them into place against the spreading web. "I don't think your aching enough as I am. We'll have to fix that." deeply growling out a build of of drool to puddle at the floor. True their first mating left a heated imprint on her, but it never built like his did. The first was somewhat unplanned as being done on auto pilot during his black out. This time he was going to do it completely on purpose that would make her heat all the worse like his currently.

"today there will be some rules." lightly dragging his claws between her shoulder blades. "first, you'll call me sir as I breed you. Got it?" sharply clawing into her back.

Her attempt to flinch away not getting anywhere. "yes, sir!" whimpering out. The sharp claws stopped to be replaced with a drool oozing mouth.

Licking up along the whole wound. "good girl. Second if you want something, anything at all, you'll have to ask your stud for it. Third, and final rule, do as I say or you wont eat today. We'll restart this tomorrow for another chance if you fail. And the day after And the day after that." laughing deeply in crouching low. Long tongue spreading out to lick at her entrance. Her minor flinch away quickly punished by claws digging into her hips yanking her back into place.

"Don't. Move." snarling in warning at her entrance. Hearing her whimper at his tongue starting its slow treatment. Hands feeling her tremble underneath him the longer she wasn't allowed to squirm. His slow eating he was sure to keep torturous. Keeping it up for 10 minutes when Beverly spoke up.

"s-sir, p-please!" begging him to move on. Drawing in a sharp breath of air as he hummed for her to be more clear on what she wanted. "breed me sir?" whimpering the request.

he snarled in denying her request. **"no."** Keeping up his licking

despite all her whimpering for something else.

On the second request by her. "please sir! It hurts!" whimpering through. He finally moved away to settle against her. His tight muscles shifting against her back with his hips pressing against hers.

"you hurt?" his voice rough. "heh heh, this is nothing!" his crease spreading open for much more to slide out. "you'll soon feel how I am."

she didn't feel his normal member of a long smoothness. This one having a larger tip with three backwards facing points. Gliding along her entrance to feel the rest of the changes. Long ridges lined with smaller squirming tendrils that pressed against her. A whole new feeling of friction pressing against her. The bottom edges flexing forwards and back like shifting scales vibrating against each other. The slow grinding another form of torture he dragged on until she begged for more.

"i want it sir." she begged.

"oh, do you? Are you **suuurrreee**?" teasing in a long slide back to gently rub the tip against her.

"yes! Please please!"

"very well." purring at what he heard. Beverly shocked as various other tendrils swarmed around her. Looping over and around her hips to down her entire legs. Spreading them wider than before for him to shove right in. shivering at the rigid organ twitching the entire way. Flexing to vibrate inside as the soft barbs rubbed at her walls in massaging twitches. All those wrapping around her legs forcing her steady against each strong thrust. Burying himself deeper each time on a length that felt never ending. Far surpassing his usual 5 feet length from what she could gather between climaxes.

Driving her wild was the pooling slickness he spread along her walls. It caused a worsening burning ache searing the inside of all her walls. It felt difficult to breath the longer she had no relief. On the verge of tears when she reached her measly peak that brought no satisfaction. The very goal he was happy to have reached.

"does the heat ache? Want me to rid it from you? Fill you full?" he purred down to her whimpering through the pain. She nodded quickly with eyes shut tight. He didn't like her not answering him.

"have to ask." he teased. Surprised to hear her speak a full sentence.

"i want my stud to fuck me!" growling in pure denied frustration. Far past being submissive now after how far this ache had been torturing her. She certainly didn't say sir like he told her too, but stud was far better in the back of his mind. His thrusting no longer teasing as he worked himself up. Reaching the deepest he could before his tip flexed outward to lock in place. The small tendrils lining each ridge pressing against her walls to prevent a pullout. Coiling up saved for last to then finally release at her core.

This wave of hot cum was ecstasy against the suffocating burn. Legs giving out under her in going numb. Held up by Pennywise pinning her further into the thread. A flash of white crossing her eyes as the climaxes crossed over each other in repeating waves. A cycle of her body tensing around him pulling more of the intoxicating cum to further her heavenly ride. Minute by minute she couldn't stop her body from milking out of him. Not helped by Pennywise picking up a slow grind while pouring like a waterfall.

"p-pen i-i can't go on." managing to gasp out the words. She couldn't keep up any more with the pressure of his rules. Body giving out under her to the point she wasn't sure if she could stay awake. The waving climaxes refusing to slow for her impending exhaustion.

"don't worry. I'll go on for the both of us." his words oddly bringing some comfort. Her mind under a strange satisfaction being filled by this thick warm seed. Almost like she was under the warm bathing glow of a heat lamp. Relaxing into the threading Pennywise kept her up against.

His own body going through the same glowing satisfaction. Filling his female off a knot that he was sure wouldn't relax for at least a day. When she was too full for more he brought her back to the bed. Relaxing together for two whole days before the knot came loose. Taking another day for her legs to gain feeling. Needing him to help her into the bath and back to bed. Seeing from the corner of his eye

when she started scribbling in her journal again. Taking the chance as she slept to check her notes. Another wave of satisfaction hitting him as all her notes were scribbled out.

The first morning of their third and **final** day together. Totaling up to 10 years and 3 months of starvation for his burning rut to strive off. Pennywise was now thinking of the upcoming end of his season. Beverly sleeping near by unaware of how many hours her life had left. His stomach already growling to the mild hunger seeping through. Thoughts of her blood flowing down his throat. Teeth shredding through her soft pale skin. Salivating over it all he needed to look away or he may just rip off a bite.

A growl rumbling through his chest at what he should do. "I eat her, that's what." he thought. "what else is there to do? Allow *her* to raise my young?" glancing past his shoulder to her.

The rut ending made the both of their heads clearer then before. He could definitely smell the changing scent on her. It wasn't the usual bar of soap from bathing. It was that sweet enticing scent similar to roses or fresh peaches. Gentle and delicate that told him to act the same while she was pregnant. He knew it all too well after many other successes in breeding his females. Proud over his perfect record of fertility each season. Up until now after his body's pour choosing of who to be mated with. Staring back to her shifting closer against him to blissfully continue sleeping. His gut knotting up that he wasn't sure of being caused by hunger.

"**no!**" he snapped at himself. "she wont live! I won't let some weak disgusting human carry my young! They'll be as weak and feeble as her and that wont do!" arguing to himself in thought. The other half bringing up anything to have her stay a little longer. "you can keep her captive until the birth then be rid of her. Keep her here until the young no longer need her. Keep her here as a sex partner simply for fun." seriously considering on keeping her for the birth. "how long would that be? 9 months for humans to give birth?" thinking back on the timeline. "9 months? Only 9 months? That seems so ... short."

he turned to stare down at the wooden floor. "may as well not bother. Eat her, be done with it, then go right back to my slumber." settling inside himself. Closing his eyes to the building hunger. A void

expanding inside him demanding a meal after so long. The time had come for them to part ways in this mistake. Turning onto her in swallowing down a mouthful of drool. Kissing over her sweet skin to catch a taste of her before he would really dig in.

having her wake by the attention he was giving. Seeing it no different than any other day they were together. Kissing him tempting him closer for one final round. Pressing himself between her legs to slide right in. taking the time to enjoy her body before the hunger blocked that too. Jaws stretching to the shifting rows of teeth dripping drool. Before she could notice the change in his behavior he latched onto her throat.

Teeth shredding through the layers of muscle down to the hard spine. A loud snap sounding out when that too was crushed by his jaws. Yanking back to pull a dripping mouthful of meat to swallow. Hunger stabbing at his stomach to eat as much as he could. Snapping muscle from her ribs to swallow down. Shred through tendons for the smallest pieces of meat between bones. Cracking the ones in the way to bite into her stilled heart. Moving further into the mess of spreading blood to hollow out her still warm body.

No matter how much he ate the hunger wasn't satisfied. Was her death a waste? Regret not allowing his stomach to accept that he was eating his mate? Should he find another to fill his hunger? Yes, but did it matter now that she was dead? Mauled to half a hollowed skeleton in a bloody mess across his bedding? Yes, as he felt her throat still in his jaws. Her chest breathing in a panic under his clawed hands pinning her down. Hearing her wheezing breath as he crushed her throat. She hadn't died like he so vividly imagined. Hunger roaring at him to make it come true. To bite harder down to the killing blow to her spine.

Biting harder into the already bloody flesh by his piercing teeth. Unable to go any farther then that despite the heavy scent of fear coming off her. Her now noticing the extreme change in him as now being a threat over dominating play. "p-pen." she managed to gasp out when his jaws loosened enough from her windpipe. He shut his eyes tightly under the given nickname. Hunger beating him in this race of wills the longer he stayed. He had to find someone else, but he would be gone for so long. What if she was now terrified by him

and ran away? Despite his efforts, he could still lose her. His teeth unlatched from around her throat.

Golden irises surrounded by blood red instead of white stared her down. A hand around her bloody throat demanding all her attention. **"stay in the wagon."** he inhumanly growled through his jagged starving jaws. A flash of freshly redressed grey passing by her as he rushed to the surface. Forcing a delivery truck to slam into a tree as he attacked the driver. A black out making everything from that point go fuzzy to nothing.

Coming to hours later under the cold moonlight under the starry sky. Covered in blood surrounded by a group of dead hunters that were probably out for deer. Out for an entire day since almost devouring Beverly in the early morning. Cleaning himself off without rushing to the fear of returning home. If Beverly would even still be there or be long gone. Fearing of taking a look before physically arriving back inside his wagon. Staring at the outer door of his wagon for a deep breath.

Stepping inside he looked around to the empty wagon. Sighing out held back when he saw her sleeping under the covers. After what he did, she was still here and managed to fall asleep. He stayed by the bed to take in a moment. Admiring how she looked so peaceful under the shining various crystal lights dazzling over. Hunger fully sated, for now at least, he got back under the covers with her. Guilt tapping at his heart over her neck wrapped in a scarf she probably got from one of shelves. Gentle to slip it free for a closer look unintentionally startling her awake. Taking his hand away from her as she took in what he was doing.

She gave him a tired look then turned over to face him. Shifting closer to lay next to him where she settled back down to rest. Allowing him a 2nd try to slip the scarf off. Cautious to not cause her stress while caring for the wounds. They were clean from Beverly carefully treating them at some point, but still needed more. Possibly stitches if it weren't for penny wise's healing of them all. Not allowing one to scar unlike the past playful bites. Catching her delightful scent reminding him that he didn't stop from eating only her.

The early pride of being a father flowing over him. Imagining her

look all the more beautiful when she was large with his children in the late months. The regret of accepting her as his mate no more. Happy that his body made such an odd choice this season. Thoughts questioning if she felt the same. Why didn't she run away when she had the chance? It wasn't that she was too injured to flee. The knife incident let more blood out than his deep teeth marks. Guess there was always time to ask tomorrow. Hugging her close to help keep her warm in the night.

The next morning they both relaxed quietly on the bed. All the heat of the season officially drained from their body's. No urge to immediately get to it on this morning making today feel slower than usual. They got up with her heading to take a bath while he fetched her breakfast. She finished her tray of pancakes while he relaxed nearby. now he was resting his head on crossed arms while she was drawing in her journal. Both fully dressed after the longest time since their first night. Not a word was said between the two as if it would spoil the calm environment. They couldn't keep quiet forever however and somebody had to start.

"why didn't you run away?" asking the first question.

Her drawing pausing to give a shrug. "nowhere to go." answering softly. "my last place was going to evict me in a few days. Happy to see me go, I am sure."

"why?" curious to know how her situation turned so poor.

"the rumors have followed me. Places don't want to rent. No place even wants to hire me. I've considered hitchhiking from Derry to a different city. Find a place that doesn't know me, although I might be homeless for a while." picking up her drawing again. "here I at least have a roof over my head."

"am I really so tolerable to live with? Surely living with your boyfriend was easier?"

"mm, I don't know."

"you don't know?"

"you're honestly not the worst I've dated."

"whose worse?!"

"heh, oh the stories I've got. One ended up getting arrested in a drug bust. Another tried to force me in a van on the 2nd date after selling me to two foreign guys. I got away after jumping out of the van and getting to a police station. Another set fire to my car after an argument of him not helping with rent. At that point I think settling for a guy with a job was good enough for me. You may not exactly have a job, but you can at least deliver food. Much more thrilling than anybody else."

"what about that male at the campsite you were dating? you don't seem to care about-"

interrupting him. "he ran away, didn't he?"

"how are you so sure he's alive?"

"you had no blood on you." sighing before saying the next. "he never had a spine. A squirrel would have scared him off."

"what if I snapped his neck?"

"heh, we both know you're not one for clean kills." she had him there. He loved shredding prey to pieces. "which brings up why haven't you eaten me?"

"when I grabbed you it wasn't planned. Every once in a while my breeding season starts. I try to put it off as long as possible. Eventually I enter a sort of black out to grab the first fertile female I can find. You've been the strangest female I have had share my space with such thrill."

"i guess I've grown numb to surprises and oddity's in Derry. Normalcy's never been a part of my life. you have chose poorly. I can't have kids despite trying with a few."

"that's not what I smell." his smirking having her pause in drawing. "I've never failed in my attempts."

"... I am pregnant?" mumbling the next. " ... shouldn't be surprised."

"are you worried?"

"... somewhat ... after a lot of things in my life this doesn't seem so bad. I did want kids someday, but what about your hibernation?"

"I won't abandon you to care for our young alone. I can also have us rest together if you prefer."

"maybe, This place can be cozy to live in."

"so, I am not the worst to live by but how about in the bed?" grinning over the answer he was sure she would give.

smiling back at him. "no one beats you in bed. Was exciting to not be the one doing all the work." disappointment filling her voice. "... our play times probably over for a while."

"why so disappointed? Is there an unfulfilled fantasy you were hoping to try?"

"mm, sort of ... you haven't railed me over the vanity desk yet." the two passing a smile to each other.

THE END

eiahmon

her submissiveness comes from a mix of pennywises doing by transferring a bit of his own need into her. while being far more stable then other men shes been with and missing excitement in her life.

shes already gotten a schedule with him thats more normal for her. until pennywise decides to shake things up, but that keeps everything fresh. ;3

unwilling to run because of no where to go while also knowing pennywise well in that he'd catch her all over again. due to his gentle caring shes gambled on staying even after the serious neck chomp.

thankfully it has paid off.

i am sure he may have flashed her at one point with the deadlights to bring some warmth to the room like a heater. making sure to be careful they didnt catch her eyes.